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LOUIS O. COWAN, Proprietor.
E. H. HAYES, Editor.

Poetry.

For the Union and Journal.
Faith.

When night's embosomed banner
Was flung o'er hill and lea,
When the lily-bells were folded
And the star-light kissed the sea,
In the silence and the darkness
An angel came to me.

A softened haze of glory
Wrapped a brow divinely fair,
And from gently waving pinions,
Strains of sweet, sweet, and rare,
Blephered downward thro' the stillness,
Thrilling all the midnight air.

As o'er my wondering spirit
Swept the faint, melodious swell,
Mingling with the thrilling sweetness
Softly murmured accents fell;—
"Oh heart, be quiet, wrestling
With many a torturing spell!

Striving to pierce the future,
Impatient of to-day,
That, to thy bounded vision,
Drifts unseen away,
While golden deeds are waiting,
And God's occasions stay!

Although thy sad gaze findeth
No hero for the time,
Yet think not man's inaction
Can frustrate Heaven's design,
Nor deem his holy patience
A truth with wrong and crime.

Knowest not, that, still awaiting
His hour, to thee unknown,
Eternal Truth and Justice
Inhabit God's high throne?
That always and forever
He earth for His own?

The battling hosts of evil
May throng at error's call,
But He controls the tumult
Who heeds the sparrow's fall,
And His unchanging wisdom
Still guides and governs all.

Through tides of fierce confusion,
Through darkness and dismay,
The steady march of ages
Sweeps onward to the day
When Christ shall rule the nations,
And error melt away.

For thee, O'er dark forebodings
No longer illy pause,
But on / For Truth and Progress,
In Freedom's righteous cause,
And, for the unseen future,
Trust God's eternal laws."

The heavenly presence vanished,
But, with the dewy morn,
A sweet, abiding patience,
A changeless trust was born,
And I knew Faith's blessed angel
Went upward, thro' the dawn.

The Story Teller.

HUSBAND-GETTING.

BY ANNIE ARBY.

In the village of Stratfordton resided a widow, named Martha Keenly, who had five daughters, Martha, Fanny, Florence, Rose and Victoria; who all, more or less, resembled their deceased father, a quite handsome, but weak-minded man. The widow, a very superior woman, brought up her children with great care upon a slender income, saved from the wreck of her late husband's ample fortune. She had a store of excellent common sense and sound judgment, and was gifted with unusual penetration. But the greatest beauty of her character was its fund of good nature and genial humanity, which led her to allow her daughters to enjoy their childhood, without filling their heads and hearts with thoughts and wishes beyond their years. She even permitted them to experiment a little with the actualities of adult life, ere she formally assumed the authority to direct their future. But, when the oldest, Martha, after falling in several matrimonial essays, passed from her teens into her twenties, she was one evening, after her sisters had been purposely sent to bed, arraigned, with formidable solemnity, at the bar of maternal judgment.

"Martha," said the mother, "when a girl can manage for herself in this world, I hold that she is better left alone. So far as my limited means and opportunities have allowed I have given you all the advantages that education and society can afford; but I am sorry to say that you have turned them to little account. If I were still to permit you to have your own way, do you know what you would become?"

Martha the younger was frightened by the awful mystery of this fathomless of the future, and a dim vision of a dungeon and galloons loomed upon her mind, although the innocent creature had not the slightest idea what she had done calculated to evoke such horror from the vasty deep.

"Do you know what you will become?" was the old inquisitorial iteration.

"Oh, no, ma, what?"

"An old maid!"

Martha had screwed up her fortitude, even to drowning, hanging, drawing, quartering, &c., but this unexpected shock proved too much, and quite knocked her courage from the "sticking place."

She burst into tears.

Whether from relief or anguish we cannot say.

"I am sorry to wound your feelings," continued the inflexible American mother, "but as the Psalmist says, 'I must be cruel to be kind.' I tell you, Martha, sure as you are a woman, that is the fate you are preparing for yourself."

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Mrs. Keenly smiled in her wonted pleasant way, and then broke out, with some bitterness:

"Martha, men have no taste; or if they have, nothing is more certain than that they never display it in the selection of their wives. It is not, therefore, to their taste you must appeal, but to their fancies. Do you wish to get married or not?"

"Well, ma, I am sure I am very happy here with you, and I don't care much about it, only—"

"You do. Every woman does; it's natural, it's necessary. My income is slender, and I have four sisters to provide for. You are at the head of the list, and may stand there like a Cerebus, to preserve them unto everlasting old maidenhood. Heaven forbid that I who was married at seventeen, should be the mother of five miserable old maids!"

At this frightful deprecation, Martha's lively fancy pictured her blooming self and sisters transformed into a row of five sharp-nosed, long, thin, wrinkled faced, acutely angular, antiquated virgins, and she sobbed at the wretched vision.

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